



# MAD MAX: FURY ROAD ★★★★★

**RELEASED:** Now Showing  
**DIRECTOR:** George Miller  
**CAST:** Tom Hardy, Charlize Theron, Nicholas Hoult  
**RATING:** MA15+

True action cinema is displacement of belief combined with edge-of-the-seat, open-mouthed wonder and the sheer adrenaline one feels when on a rollercoaster drifting over the first precipice.

**M**ad Max: Fury Road is non-stop groin anxiety, the kind that causes the entire left side of your body to sound the alarm. Forget *Fast & Furious* set-piece safety or a Michael Bay CGI cartoon, Mad Max films have always been about danger; even in the audience, you feel you could die at any moment.

Director Dr. George Miller, now in his 70th year, has once again raised the bar in what this genre can or can't do in terms of pushing an audience's tolerance, endurance and pre-conceived notions of good, bad, evil and the vast grey areas in-between.

Max (Tom Hardy) is not a hero, he's an angry snake coiled to kill instinctively. Villains from Francis Bacon's nightmares overlord his world with more kinks than a knot-tying convention. We find Max captured, tortured and now used as a live blood bag to provide vitality to the willing 'War Boys' of the Skeletor-ish, Immortan Joe (Hugh Keays-Byrne), a self-proclaimed warlord controlling countless minions via his possession of precious water and 'guzzolene'. When Joe's trusted warrior, Furiosa (a one-armed Charlize Theron), goes rogue on a fuel mission to spirit away a semi-trailer full of his personal stash of Amazonian breeding stock, the chase is on, and boy-oh-boy you'd better

make sure you're strapped into that cinema seat.

Plot – you'll work that out soon enough. This journey isn't about interwoven narratives, it's about total immersion into fantasy. It's forgetting everything you know and embracing a new science and anthropology of a world where audacious machines are worshipped more than the maniacs who made them, life means nothing, morals are akin to Dr. Seuss on crack, and idiosyncratic cult Australiana rears its long-lost head to the enjoyment of those old enough to remember it.

An American Mad Max film, some may query? Ha, no chance... this is old-school depravity, where insinuation of sins very bad, odd and of the backwater-two-headed-banjo-playing variety are more than hinted at. You are flung, hard, against a wall of carnage, chrome and insanity. A vivid reality conjured through pushing the furthest reaches of where this f—ed up world – with a language and religion all its own – could take you.

CGI be damned; these cars are real, the stunts are real, the danger is real, and the tools of the digital age are merely a garnish to the main course of dirt being flicked from oversized tires and the whoosh of a shotgun pellet narrowly missing your head. **Chris Murray**

